

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Boycott Lettuce

The United Farm Workers' Union, led by Cesar Chavez, has called for a nationwide boycott of head (Iceberg) lettuce. California and Arizona lettuce workers have demonstrated their desire to be represented by the UFW, but most growers have refused to sign contracts. The lettuce boycott, the cooperation of millions of concerned consumers, is the workers' only tool in the struggle to win decent wages, protection from harmful pesticides, and respect as human beings from their employers.

In March, 1971 the UFW suspended a previous lettuce boycott as a show of its good faith in negotiations. But the growers used the respite to try to get the union's organizational drive outlawed. One such initiative, a ruling by the Republican-dominated National Labor Relations Board which would have prohibited boycotts, was defeated by 2,000,000 letters farm worker supporters wrote in protest to the chairman of the Republican National Committee.

In many states growers have introduced legislation which would destroy the union. Such a law has been passed in Arizona, prompting Cesar Chavez to undertake a 24-day fast in protest. (See letter below.) Farm workers continue to fight the law with a campaign to recall Republican Governor Jack Williams who signed the bill.

Meanwhile nationwide organizing of the lettuce boycott continues. Consumers should do without iceberg lettuce. (Continued on page 5)

PEACE SUMMER

A program of contemplation and action with focus on non-violence as lifestyle and method of change is being offered at Oakridge II.

Meetings will take place on weekends, beginning on Friday evening and ending on Sunday evening. Each weekend will focus on a particular theme. All are welcome as long as notice is sent in advance. The only cost will be food (\$2 a day); all participants will share in food preparation and upkeep.

June 30—July 2 Political and Social Structures, 1972 (also special meeting regarding Pax Christi affiliation)

July 7-9 Third World

July 14-16 Liberation of the Human Person

July 21-23 Contemplation and Resistance

July 28-30 Community and Social Change

August 4-6 Resistance and Rebuilding Experiences

Address: Community for Creative Nonviolence

Mt. Paul Novitiate
Ridge Road.

Oakridge, N.J. 07438
(201) 697-6341

The Oakridge facility has been made available through Fr. Ed Guinan of the Center for Creative Nonviolence, Washington, D.C., and the Paulist Fathers.



Unionists Act for Peace

By MARTIN ARUNDEL

The number of American labor union members chanting "END THE WAR NOW!" has been growing by leaps and bounds lately. The slogan is expected to gain far greater popularity with unionists as a result of the Labor For Peace Conference in St. Louis, Mo., June 23-24.

One primary aim of the conference is to let the world know that thousands upon thousands of American workers strongly oppose U.S. wars to make small, far away nations, such as Vietnam, safe for exploitation by the greedy U.S. military-industrial complex.

Another is to make it plain that George Meany, the irascible, 77-year-old autocrat of the Labor Establishment, and his docile underlings on the AFL-CIO executive council, do not speak for all American unionists when they endorse the wanton killing and maiming of countless Southeast Asians by senseless electronic bombing.

Meany came out strongly in support

of President Nixon's escalation of U.S. air and naval assaults on North Vietnam, and he has consistently approved of American military ventures in behalf of fascist cliques in foreign countries all over the world.

Unionists' Trip To Hanoi

The St. Louis gathering stemmed from a trip to Hanoi, North Vietnam, late last winter of three U.S. union leaders — David Livingston, secretary-treasurer of the Distributive Workers; Clifton C. Caldwell, a vice president of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters; and Teamster Vice President Harold Gibbons.

The American unionists brought back definite peace proposals from North Vietnamese government leaders. Livingston, Caldwell and Gibbons acquainted Henry Kissinger, Nixon's chief foreign policy adviser, and the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, with the proposals the Vietnamese had made. But the Nixonites refused to take the Viet-

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Co-op Housing Proposal

Our experiences and discussions as a group over the last three years have led us to conclude that further development of cooperative housing opportunities for low income families might be the most useful contribution we could make in the neighborhood in which we live.

"Urban Removal" Threatened

In order to explain our interest in the evolution of cooperative housing here, it is necessary to describe the basic pattern of housing trends in our neighborhood. We find ourselves in the Lincoln Park-Ranch Triangle neighborhood of Chicago, which is about a mile from Lincoln Park and three miles from the Loop. This is a very desirable and convenient location, now occupied by a wide diversity of people, but particularly, on the western end by poor people, black, Latin and white. In the classic pattern of urban renewal in America, the investors, real estate developers, big institutions, and well-to-do residents of such areas wake up and ask themselves, "why should we allow such a desirable location to be occupied by poor people and to succumb to urban decay, when we could redeem it at a profit to ourselves for the benefit of those who can pay to live well?" From this point "urban removal" begins. That process is well on its way to completion in Lincoln Park, and now the Lincoln Park Conservation Association is eyeing the Ranch Triangle area where we live, and making big plans for "renewal", which means for the poor, for us too, removal.

Many of the properties are old, three to six flat apartment buildings, in many cases held in the clear by resident owners from ethnic German and Italian communities which once flourished here. In buildings in this category rents are often low, ranging from \$60 to \$75 a month. As the old owners move out, they rent to elderly pensioners, young students, Latin American and black families, and other people with low incomes. When the speculators and investors move in, they buy the buildings, give them a modest face lifting, and raise the rents to a level which forces the poor out and makes way for prosperous young people from business and the professions.

Poor Deserve Stability, Too

While we don't wish to deny pleasant and convenient housing to the prosperous, we have a particular concern for (Continued on page 7)

PEACEMAKERS

The dates and locations of this year's Peacemakers' Orientation Programs in Nonviolence are:

June 17 - July 1
Swananoa, N.C.

July 15 - July 29
Mankind Village, Northern Calif.

August 19 - Sept. 3
St. Stephen's in the Hills, Mo.

Interested persons should contact Tom Harmon, Peacemakers, 10208 Sylvan Ave. (GANO), Cincinnati, Ohio 45241.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

In the May issue of The Catholic Worker I wrote of the crisis The Catholic Worker found itself in when we received a letter from the Internal Revenue Service stating that we owe them \$296,359 in fines and penalties and unpaid income tax for the tax years, 1966 through 1970. This was a very impressive bill, and we wondered what it would be if they started figuring out what they thought we owed them from the years 1933, when we began, up to 1966!

The New York Times, in a story signed by Max Seigel, with a four column head and a picture of a few of us at lunch in our headquarters at 36 East First Street, brought our situation to the attention of a vaster group of readers, and followed up the story with an editorial. The New York evening Post also editorialized on our situation. The National Catholic Reporter and the Commonwealth editors also registered their protest and other papers followed suit. Letters come in daily from our friends, reassuring, comforting, indignant at the government, a few of them indignant at us, that we cause them so much worry. We certainly are grateful and must apologize that we cannot keep up with the mail and get them all answered.

There is not any real news for them at the moment, nor will be until our July-August edition of The Catholic Worker. I will have to appear before a Federal Judge on July 3 to explain why the CW refuses to pay taxes, or to "structure itself" so as to be exempt from taxes. We are afraid of that word "structure." We refuse to become a "corporation."

Perhaps it is structure which makes for such a scandal as the story which appeared in the press all over the country, of a famous charity for children which had millions of dollars in reserve, money which could have been used either for expansions in the work, or in working to bring about conditions in housing and education which would make so much "charity" unnecessary. Charity becomes a word which sticks in the gullet and makes one cry out for justice.

We repeat—we do not intend to "incorporate" the Catholic Worker movement. We intend to continue our emphasis on personal responsibility, an emphasis which we were taught from the beginning by Peter Maurin who used to quote Emmanuel Mounier's Personalist Manifesto, and his Personal and Communitarian Revolution, Peter was our teacher, and being a Frenchman, a peasant, he emphasized de-

centralization, manual labor, voluntary poverty.

Voluntary poverty meant that everyone at the CW worked without salary, and contributions came from them, and from our readers, which kept the work going.

Rumblings first came from the Internal Revenue Service after many on the CW staff, together with other peace groups, demonstrated against war in the Fifties and Sixties and were jailed for Civil Disobedience. Writing about jails and courtrooms resulted in



much publicity. But it was Ammon Hennacy and Karl Meyer who wrote most consistently on Tax Refusal, and its importance. "Wars will cease when men refuse to pay for them."

Ralph Nader

When I write "men" I mean people. And I rejoice to note that Ralph Nader has now established The Tax Reform Research group. People and Taxes is published by this group and the first issue arrived yesterday. The purpose of the group is to work for income tax reform and property tax reform, and the lead article is by Mr. Nader. The paper is an extension of the Property

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Freedom from domination, freedom to live one's own spiritual life, freedom to seek the highest truth, unabashed by any human pressure or any collective demand, the ability to say one's own "yes" and one's own "no" and not merely to echo the "yes" and the "no" of state, party, corporation, army, or system. This is inseparable from authentic religion. It is one of the deepest and most fundamental needs of man, perhaps the deepest and most crucial need of the human person as such: for without recognizing the challenge of this need no man can truly be a person, and therefore without it he cannot fully be a man either. The frustrations of this deep need by irreligion, by secular and political pseudoreligion, by the mystiques and superstitions of totalitarianism, have made man morally sick in the very depths of his being. They have wounded and corrupted his freedom, they have filled his love with rottenness, decayed it into hatred. They have made man a machine geared for his own destruction.

Thomas Merton
Conjectures Of A Guilty Bystander

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a day in early June, the oriole, the wood thrush and the wren celebrate the noon. But before the sun arose, the robins were singing Lauds. Soon thereafter many other birds (towhee, indigo bunting, scarlet tanager, rosebreasted grosbeak, catbird, song sparrow, yellow warbler — were you there?) began welcoming the dawn. Then as the chorus subsided, I heard a wood peewee calling his name, asserting his identity, his kinship and God-given difference among all his feathered kind. Now in afternoon a cardinal interrupts the wren, and bees hum rapturously along the wafted fragrance of honey-locust trees. Birds and trees and bees and I are woven into a web of life. And God has spun the web. Praise Him.

Gardens

Almost as busy as the birds and bees this Spring have been our many enthusiastic gardeners. Some of them—Mike Kreyche, Bill Ragette, Fr. Tony Equale, and Alan Davis—are so imbued with pioneer spirit that they have broken new ground in the upper field and are planting a sizable garden which should provide many vegetables for late Summer and Fall. Although John Filliger complains that with all the rain we have had this Spring, his garden ought to be turned into a rice paddy, I feel sure some fine vegetables will be harvested there in the Fall. Fr. Andy is a really good farmer, and we always expect the best from him. Tommy Hughes' little garden is on the edge of the wood, and has a fence around it to keep out the "varmints." A deer, however, disregarded the fence and leapt over to help himself to garden delicacies. There are other gardens. Mike, Claudia, Barbara, Susie, Mary, Alan, and others have had a hand in them.

With the help of Dan and Elizabeth Marshall, St. Francis' garden is becoming once again a place where herbs and flowers can give glory to God, as St. Francis of Assisi knew they do. Pray for us, St. Francis, that God will bless us and our gardens, that we may be nourished in His peace and love and reverence for all that He has made.

In many ways Dan and Elizabeth seem to walk in the spirit of St. Francis. They are living in tents in our woods and are planning to build a cabin for winter use. For nourishment they eat, almost exclusively, uncooked vegetables, fruits, and nuts. They have spent some time with the Arc in France, and have learned much of the order, simplicity, and beauty for which that community is renowned. They have also worked with Arthur Harvey in New Hampshire and know something of the rugged life of the migratory fruit picker. They have something of St. Francis' reverence for Nature and for all those brother and sister fellow creatures God has given us. They participate in that prayer life, which — though not as popular as formerly — is still at the center of any Catholic Worker community. They have also a true Franciscan friendliness and cheerfulness. We hope their presence here

will help bring us all closer to the true spirit of St. Francis.

Hospitality and Responsibility

I also hope that the spirit of St. Francis will help us through the difficult Summer months, when we have so many comings and goings, so many visitors, that it is hard to remember our true function. Almost everyone, it seems, nowadays, is seeking for something. Some—especially young people—come to us looking for a "commune." But we are not a commune. Some come looking for an "intentional community." But are not an intentional community. We are first of all a house of hospitality on the land, and, incidentally to that, a kind of community, which Dorothy Day has often described as a "community of need."

We are supported by contributions, and in relation to our small budget are a somewhat oversize family. Marge Hughes, who is in charge and keeps count, says that we average around sixty every day, with many more guests for weekends. We are made up of all ages, from small children to some quite elderly. We are also a motley assemblage of persons, representing disparate backgrounds and temperaments. We have no paid staff. All work is done on a volunteer basis. In general it is hoped and expected that all who receive hospitality for any extended period, will, if they can, share in the work. Not all work is manual. There is also important intellectual work to be done, though the ideal is that scholars shall be workers and workers scholars, as Peter Maurin always emphasized. It is recognized, too, that prayer and suffering are essential contributions without which our work could hardly continue. We do not practice democratic procedures with meetings, long discussions, votes, consensus, etc. Authority is low-key, but real. Responsibility is personal. In general, those who work within the potential and spirit of the Catholic Worker have the authority of their jobs.

Our Catholic Worker farm with a view is also built around a central core of ideas. This core of ideas is rooted in radical Catholicism and has been expounded—alive and lived—by Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day under such headings as cult, culture, cultivation, round table discussions, personalism, houses of hospitality, holy poverty, pacifism, and non-cooperation with the tyrannical, life-smothering military-industrial establishment. Many of us have taken part in protest demonstrations and gone to jail for our beliefs. We have a chapel, with the Blessed Sacrament, and a priest who says Mass twice a week. Sometimes we have Mass more frequently. We also have Compline and rosary, which though not well attended, help keep the work going. As individuals, we are imperfect instruments and fall daily. But we continue to pray, to hope, to try. Please do not come to us looking for Utopia.

Summer Conferences

One of our four functions has traditionally been that of a retreat and conference center. This Summer, Clare Danielsson is planning a series of conferences which will be held in Peter Maurin House here at our farm every other weekend beginning with that of July ninth. There is a full announcement of the program in this issue of the Catholic Worker and an article discussing the ideas which will form the basis of the conferences. Clare described these conferences to me as warm-ups for prayer, contemplation, and community. The Sunday afternoon meetings will be devoted to the theater of reconciliation. Clare is an advanced student of the Moreno Institute, and teaches brain-damaged children in Poughkeepsie. She has also

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Theater of Reconciliation

By CLARE DANIELSSON

(This article introduces the themes of the weekend workshops to be held at the Catholic Worker Farm this summer. See box for details.)

What can we learn from psychology that would help us, as a group, support the personal growth of an individual? Second, what group disciplines from monastic and contemplative traditions aid in making the spiritual "desert" a source of strength? And third, what kind of critical look do we have to take at our society as the source of much of our individual alienation? And, finally, what kind of structure could provide a creative healing role for the community, where its members can interact, within certain limits, and heal each other by sharing their struggles and wisdom?

Solitude

Most of the time we run away from being alone with ourselves. There are many ways to hide—be with friends, turn on the radio, read a book. To be able to be alone with yourself in silence, without distractions, how many people can do that? While it may be better and more normal to be with other people in community, at one time or another we do have to encounter ourselves. It is like that song, "You have to walk that lonesome valley, by yourself, no one else can walk it for you, etc."

How do we get ourselves "warmed-up" to make solitude a positive experience?

Prayer is an interior process, a personal act. It is a turn inward, to God, rather than a turning to our neighbor. Yet people go to church together; we don't only stay in our rooms to seek God. Somehow we sense that community prayer has more meaning; that as a group we can be closer to God, than if we each only seek Him by ourselves. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. Why?

For the moment, let us define community as any group of people that has a common interest, and is not so large that the individuals no longer know each other. What goes on between people makes all the difference in how we respond to being alone.

Let us focus on what is going on now within a community. Here we can be helped by sociometry—the study of the structure and dynamics of small groups. Sociometry can be a research device, or it can be used as a here-and-now group action method, by the participants themselves. It then raises the consciousness of group members to what is actually going on inside itself, and makes possible alternative ways of responding. Many groups do this intuitively, and therefore much more slowly and not as effectively as it could be done.

Social Healing

It is impossible to continue a discussion of how we "warm-up" to spiritual maturity without mentioning healing. We all gather scars and grievances through daily life which make us feel alone, angry, and unworthy. Traditionally, personal problems were settled on a one-to-one relationship, using the idea of doctor and patient. But if there is a fight between two people, and each one feels badly about it, the problem is between them, and not just in one person's head like a headache. Different ways of reconciliation have to be worked out, and many times it involves outsiders with special skills, plus in many cases, group participation.

A Theater of Reconciliation is really a public group therapy session where individuals can bring their "unfinished business," and, under the direction of a psychodramatist, try to work out a meaningful reconciliation. Not all personal and interpersonal problems need to be resolved in private therapy. Some can be shared with the community. Both the nature of the conflict and the

exploration of solutions would be worked out in action on a stage through either a psychodrama (personal drama) or sociodrama (group-conflict drama).

A reconciliation could be with oneself, with another who is present, or someone unavailable because of distance or death. In the latter case, another person "stands in" for the absent member, and by doing this, helps the one who is searching. At the end of the session, time is left for sharing. Most human experiences have some elements in common, and by sharing our personal solutions to them, the one seeking reconciliation can hear what others did in similar situations. It is amazing how unskilled we are in talking about what we have learned from life in a way that is to the point and helpful to another! We need more practice in sharing our wisdom.

Community

Historically, there are many examples of how a third person or a group intervened or assisted in the process of reconciliation. In the confessional, the priest helped members in their struggle to be at peace with themselves. In the monastery, monks confessed their sins to the community. Psychologists and psychiatrists intervene in family problems. In labor-management disputes there are mediators, fact-finders, and impasse procedures. We have the entire legal system's attempt at "peacemaking," with its courts and fines and prisons. The United Nations, though it cannot prevent wars, provides a place and structure where nations can at least talk to each other on neutral ground.

In the long run, the Theater of Reconciliation could be used in some kinds of interpersonal difficulties that are normally settled by the police, local courts, or relevant authorities. It

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SUMMER WORKSHOPS AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER FARM

July 9 thru September 3
Theater of Reconciliation
Sunday afternoons, 3 to 5 P.M.

These sessions are open to the public. No advance notice is required. They are both introductory to the weekend workshops and group opportunities to share the process of reconciliation within ourselves and others.

Weekend Workshops on Prayer, Solitude and Community

The goal of these workshops is to provide an opportunity to get in touch with the way we "warm-up" to prayer, solitude and friendship, and to explore ways of being together that deepen the meaning of our lives.

By Advance Registration Only.
Limited To 15 People Per Weekend
July 3-4, 15-17, August 5-7, 19-21,
Sept. 2-4. Dates need to be confirmed, but begin at 8 P.M. of the first day listed.

If you have children, try to come on July 15 or August 19, and we will work out a baby-sitting arrangement. Financial contributions will be welcomed.

Weekend Schedule

Friday: 8-10 P.M. Workshop.

Saturday: Workshops from 9-11 A.M. and 2-5 P.M. with Liturgy, celebration and relaxation in the evening.

Sunday: Workshop from 9-11 A.M., then at 2 P.M., a preparation session for the Theater of Reconciliation. Write:

Clare Danielsson
Catholic Worker Farm
Box 33,
Tivoli, N.Y. 12583

India Chronicle

By EILEEN EGAN

One does not go to Delhi without paying a visit to the Rajghat, the place where Gandhi was cremated. The spot is now marked with a table-like slab of shining, flecked, black marble. When I left my shoes at the entrance to the memorial ground, I joined a line of men and women from all parts of India and from overseas who walked on wooden slats and stood briefly to pray or meditate at the marble marker. Some placed orange and yellow marigolds on the marble as they passed.

Near the Rajghat is a colony that Gandhi used to visit. It is a colony of harijans (God's children, so named by Gandhi to replace the old term of untouchable) and next to it is the Rajghat Colony. In the Rajghat Colony

left as a means for village self-help, but a whole concept of village production to meet village needs.

"About one-fifth of India's villages are now electrified," Gupta told me as he showed me a rice-polishing machine that could be run on electricity or by Diesel engine. The machine was mounted on wheels and was four feet high. In its operation, it "does not destroy the life cells" of the rice, according to the description of the machine. The same machine can also be used for grinding flour and spices, and for preparing pulses of any kind. The pulses are various local beans which are a basic part of the Indian diet, forming the dahl which is eaten with rice.

Another machine was in operation during our visit. It consisted in part of two large metal mallets operated by electricity to pound a rough grass for paper-making. The human labor that would have been necessary in the process was excessive since the grass being used would otherwise have been a waste product. We received paper samples made from such grass by village labor. It is an impressive product.

The charpoy, the bed used by many of India's millions, consists of rope stretched across a wooden frame. By means of one of the machines at the exhibit, another useless plant, of the bullrush variety, could be put to use for rope-making. This machine was also operating and there were samples of the various types and strengths of rope.

All the machines were inexpensive, some as little as one hundred dollars. Through cooperatives, villagers could join together to buy a needed machine. Contrary to what many people think, Gandhi was not against technology as such. He was against that technology which is so vast that the producer is lost sight of; that technology which makes a man a part of a machine rather than an independent, creative worker who can see every process and the end product of his labor; that technology which ends in a bored, consuming society. Gandhi's fears about the disruptive effects of too-rapid industrialization on the individuals, the families and the societies of the developing world have not proved groundless. Eric Gill, founder of PAX, practised and wrote about similar concepts in the context of European society.

The machines that I saw could apply in some way or other to every developing country—to Bangladesh or to Tanzania. By not disdaining the use of poor means, developing countries can more quickly meet the needs of their rural populations and also enlist rural people in the struggle for their own development. The exhibit of the Khadi and Village Industries Commission in Delhi, and the work of the Commission in the development of smaller village technology, should be known to the government of every developing nation.

In this connection, I would like to recommend a booklet entitled "The Use of Poor Means in Helping the Third World." It is written by Dr. Pierre Parodi, a Companion of the Ark Community in France. The Ark is led by Lanza del Vasto who absorbed Gandhian principles during his stay in India. "The Use of Poor Means" confronts the basic issue of nutrition and the evils that result from the exploitation of man by man and the enormous inequality in the division of land. This ground-breaking publication has been translated by Elizabeth Gravelos Marshall. Elizabeth and her husband Daniel are close to the Catholic Worker and to PAX and have spoken at the PAX Annual Conference. A copy is 30 cents (9 copies \$2.) and is obtainable from Greenleaf Books, South Acworth, New Hampshire 03607.



are some twenty-five families concerned with the implications of Gandhian ideas for today's India, and today's world. At 1 Rajghat Colony (New Delhi 1, India) is the Gandhi Book House, a joint venture of the Gandhi Memorial Trust, the Gandhi Peace Foundation and the Sarva Seva Sangh, a voluntary service society of Gandhian inspiration. Many new publications on Gandhi and on the bhodan movement have appeared and all may be obtained from the Gandhi Book House. M. Veeralah, director of the Book House will mail publications anywhere in the world. He will send a free catalogue to anyone who requests it.

Devendra Kumar Gupta, Secretary of the Gandhi Memorial Trust, welcomed Dorothy Day and me to the Rajghat Colony during our visit in September 1970. He is a Gandhian who lived for nine years in one of India's villages. He and his wife Radha worked like other villagers and raised their children in poverty and simplicity.

Guptha and his young son took me to see an exhibit of prime importance to village India. It was sponsored by the Khadi and Village Industries Commission and consisted of a series of small machines suitable for use in village industry by reason of size, of simple operation and of limited cost. Many of the machines had been developed and tested in villages through local Gandhian organizations. It is little known that India is dotted with voluntary groups carrying out ideas presented by Gandhi for village uplift; it was not only khadi (the spinning and weaving of cloth) that Gandhi

BOOK

LIVING THE GOOD LIFE, by Helen and Scott Nearing. Shoken Books, New York, 1970. \$2.25 (paper).

THE MAPLE SUGAR BOOK, by Helen and Scott Nearing. Shoken Books, New York, 1970. \$2.75 (paper).

THE MAKING OF A RADICAL, by Scott Nearing. Harper and Row, New York, 1972. \$2.45 (paper).

Reviewed by Mike Kreyche.

One of the most pleasurable pastimes of our idleness is to dream how we might go about fashioning for ourselves an idyllic life that is simple, free from care, and fulfilling. The efforts and conditions required for that kind of project usually seem unrealistic as soon as they are re-evaluated in a more down-to-earth mood. But this exercise of the imagination is what stimulates our creativity, sustains it, and ultimately carries it to fruition; and there is nothing more heartening than to discover other people with visions similar to our own who achieve some success in making them happen.

There are a good many people now disenchanted with the disfigured, artificial world that has sprung up in the United States over the past century and is rapidly being propagated nearly everywhere else, and they are directing their imaginations away from the wonder-machines, wonder-materials, and wonder-processes of that world towards the wonder-full mechanisms, materials, and processes of nature. For these the testimony of people like Helen and Scott Nearing means assurance that their yearnings are not foolish, isolated dreams but genuine calls to creativity and fulfillment that are capable of realization.

Living the Good Life (originally published in 1954) is a sort of report by the Nearings on a twenty-year experiment in subsistence homesteading in Vermont, begun during the Depression in 1932. In their customary straightforward way they write that they "... left the city with three objectives in mind. The first was economic. We sought to make a depression-free living, as independent as possible of the commodity and labor markets, which could not be interfered with by employers, whether business-men, politicians, or educational administrators. Our second aim was hygienic. We wanted to maintain and improve our health. We knew that the pressures of city life were exacting, and we sought a simple basis of well-being where contact with the earth, and home-grown organic food would play a large part. Our third objective was social and ethical. We desired to liberate and dissociate ourselves, as much as possible, from the cruder forms of exploitation: the plunder of the planet; the slavery of man and beast; the slaughter of men in war, and of animals for food." (p. xvii).

Apart from the pressures of the Depression, Scott Nearing found his economic livelihood threatened because of his radical pacifist convictions and his outspoken criticisms of American society. His chosen profession was teaching economics, but after the outbreak of World War I, at the age of thirty-four, he lost his teaching position and in succeeding years he found lecturing and writing also cut off to him.

The Nearings hoped (and were able) to spend just half their time at "bread labor," actually earning their living, to be free the remainder of their time to pursue their avocations, which for Scott included travelling and continuing his teaching independently.

The Nearings must have been some of the first of the modern proponents of organic gardening. They grew the greater part of their food and ate it fresh all year round. By eating good food and benefiting from their healthful rural environment, they had no

need of a doctor for the whole twenty years. Meat was not a part of their diet as they are vegetarians, believing that animals as well as humans have a right to live a life free from exploitation.

The withdrawal they sought from the exploitative consumer society did not mean an alienation from the human race; it was more of an example of a saner way of life to their fellow men and women. The Nearings became considerably involved with the people in their community but their most notable failure was their inability to impress their Vermont neighbors with many of their values.

Methodical Work

The most striking thing about the Nearings' work on their homestead was that it was orderly and methodical. After they successively acquired several pieces of property, at reasonable prices, they laid down a set of principles to guide them, drew up a ten-year work plan, and started an index card file detailing costs and amounts of labor

lecting rocks. After four building seasons they had completed enough work to move into their home but it was eleven years before the entire project was finished. They had no previous architectural experience but here again a set of carefully thought-out principles guided them.

"Rule I: Form and function should unite in the structure."

"Rule II: Buildings should be adapted to their environment...."

"Rule III: Local materials are better adapted than any other...."

"Rule IV: The style of a domestic establishment should express the inmates and be an extension of themselves." (pp. 48-50).

Another chapter is devoted to their gardening methods, including the construction of terraced garden plots with good drainage and provisions for irrigation to minimize the variable factors in the weather.

Maple Sugar

The remaining facet of the Nearings' subsistence economy was their cash

and well written, another tribute to the Nearings' thoroughness and conscientious effort. Just as evident in *The Maple Sugar Book* is an undercurrent of concern for frugal management and use of nature's provisions and the expression of a comprehensive philosophy of life. One brief final chapter describes their country life and how maple sugaring relates to it. A few pages of maple recipes are appended for those fortunate or prosperous enough to have a supply of syrup.

The Maple Sugar Book and *Living the Good Life* are handbooks for the homesteader that integrally combine useful practical knowledge with quite a bit of thoughtful theoretical and philosophical commentary. The reader may get a little carried away and be led to think self-sufficiency on the land a relatively easy matter given the Nearings' principles of careful planning and a certain amount of hard work (though only half a day of "bread labor" might seem a bit unrealistic). What is easy to overlook is the fact that the development of their homestead took the Nearings years.

Scott Nearing's Autobiography

At least two points relating to the homesteading experiment struck me in Scott Nearing's autobiography. The first was his thoroughgoing psychological break with his inherited way of life. This certainly had something to do with the determination with which the Nearings made out their ten year plan.

The other thing, which is not clear in *Living the Good Life*, is that Scott's early life was an excellent preparation for the Vermont experiment. He grew up in rural Pennsylvania in the latter part of the 19th century, an environment in which so many fundamental skills unknown to today's young and even middle-aged people were still commonplace.

As he entered his twenties Scott Nearing was led by a number of satisfying teaching experiences to elect that as his career. History held the most interest for him but a stimulating economics professor, Simon Patten, influenced him to choose that field. Patten helped form his ideas of what the good teacher should be. A dictum of his was "the place of the teacher is on the firing line of progress," and by following it Nearing eventually found himself unable to find employment in the academic community.

Along with his mother, his grandfather, and Professor Patten, Nearing places the writings of Leo Tolstoy as a strong influence in his early life.

Farewell to Western Civilization

It is hard to write about Nearing's "political autobiography." In *The Making of A Radical* he tells his own story well: the progressive radicalization of a person who started out accepting wholeheartedly the way of life into which he was born; what first caused him to question it; and the process of historical, social and economic investigation that compels him finally to say:

I say farewell to western civilization. With no shadow of regret I try to dismiss it from my life as I try to dismiss any other unsavory, painful memory. Western civilization has made scientific and technological contributions to human culture. These contributions should be recognized and due credit should be given. As time marches on, the benefits conferred by western civilization become more and more a matter of history. As its masters become leaders of reaction and counterrevolution, they join the anti-social forces. As they take their final step backward and put the reins of power into the hands of hucksters, destroyers, and killers, they dig their own graves and drive the nails into their own coffins. I turn my back on



that went into each project.

Economically they wanted to be semi-self-contained; did not want to make a profit; would have nothing to do with bank loans or other forms of usury; determined to make maple syrup their cash crop, working with others on a collective basis, utilizing the maple trees located on land purchased from their neighbor; resolved to share their garden surpluses with friends and neighbors on the basis of need.

In several cases they could have made large profits on what others might have considered "investments," but refused to do so because they were against any sort of speculative profiteering and had not contributed a corresponding amount of labor.

Building a House

Physical improvements outlined in the ten year plan included the design and construction out of stone of a house and other buildings for which the Nearings immediately began col-

lecting rocks. They developed their sugar bush (a stand of sugar maple trees) and put the sap gathering, boiling, and marketing operations on an efficient, business-like footing. The extra hands they needed were employed on a cooperative basis, and again careful records were kept of costs and labor expended.

The few weeks of work sugaring in the spring, which fewer and fewer Vermonters regarded any longer as worthwhile, netted the Nearings enough syrup for their own use, for gifts for their friends, for trading for food products they could not produce (citrus, oils, seeds, etc.), for marketing to pay their taxes and for the one-fourth of their needs they could not themselves directly provide, and, incidentally, to exchange for their *Catholic Worker* subscription!

The Maple Sugar Book details all the operations of maple sugaring and includes a thorough study of its history. It is a fascinating book, well researched

REVIEWS ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

western civilization and dismiss it from my life. It reeks of the past. I turn to the future and devote my energies to its upbuilding (p. 205).

The Making of a Radical is Scott Nearing's witness to the truths he has learned in his many years in the "College of Hard Knocks" which is how he describes his life after the break from institutional education. His vigorous style boldly sketches his personality on the pages of his work, in contrast to the smooth, measured, intimate feeling of the other two books which he co-authored with his wife, Helen. All three are full of life and humor, excite the imagination, and inspire the search for the good life.

RETURN TO THE SOURCE, Lanza del Vasto. Translated by Jean Sidgwick. Schocken Books, New York, 1971. \$6.95. Reviewed by Daniel Marshall.

The author, named Joseph del Vasto at birth, was subsequently given the name Shanti-das (servant of peace), at his request, by Mohandas Gandhi. He is the French nonviolent leader who has fought the concentration camps and the atomic bomb, who fasted forty

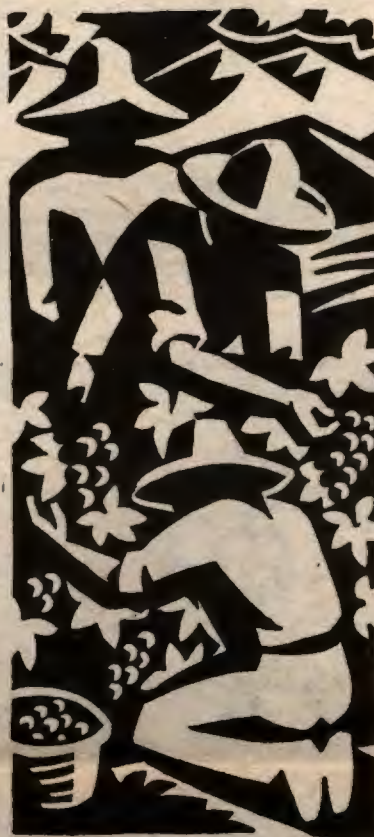
days at the Vatican Council for a statement on the arms race. And he is the founder of the Community of the Ark, an interconfessional order of work dedicated to the fight against injustice and violence through nonviolent combat, "the true application of the Sermon on the Mount, which Christians until this time have so little applied to their daily economic and social lives and to the continual conflict between peoples and classes."

Return to the Source is the interpretation, in western and Catholic terms, of his experience of India, where he went in 1936 to give his life in service in the village swadeshi movement. The book runs over with beauty and humanity. If it were just for the chapters on Gandhi and the Hindu religion, the book would be outstanding; but with the addition of the chapter on the experience of giving himself to the study of yoga, it is a masterpiece—a classic, in my opinion.

Shantidas stands firmly opposed to the technological society, as does Jacques Ellul. "If it is true that the machine saves time," Lanza del Vasto asks, "how is it that in countries where

the machine is master one sees only people who are pressed for time? . . . If it is true that it saves labour, how is it that wherever it reigns, people are busy, harnessed to unrewarding, fragmentary, boring tasks, hustled by the rhythm of the machine into doing jobs that wear a human being out, warp him, bewilder and weary him? . . .

"If it is true that it produces abundance, how is it that wherever it reigns, there also reigns in some well-hidden slum the strangest, the most atrocious misery? How is it that if it



produces abundance it cannot produce contentment? Over-production and unemployment have been the logical accompaniment of the machine whenever it has been impossible to throw the surplus into some hole or devour it in some war.

"If it is true that it has increased exchange and brought people into closer touch, it is little wonder that the people in question feel unprecedented irritation with each other. There is nothing calculated to make me hate my neighbour and him hate me like forcing me upon him in spite of his will and mine. . . .

"Finally, even if it were possible to avoid all these disasters, God knows how, and relieve man of all hard work and ensure perpetual leisure for him, then all the damage that the progress of the machine has caused by ruin, revolution and war, would become insignificant compared with the ultimate scourge: humanity deprived of all bodily toil.

"The truth is that man needs work even more than he needs a wage. Those who seek the welfare of the workers should be less anxious to obtain good pay, good holidays and good pensions for them than good work, which is the first of their goods.

"For the object of work is not so much to make objects as to make men. . . . Work, bodily work, is for nine-tenths of humanity their only chance to show their worth in this world."

But such passages of philosophy are interspersed with stories of wandering without money on the roads and in the jungles of India, fasting, seeking the source of the Ganges, encounters with police and crowds in India; and in Egypt on the return to Europe, lingering with a Nepalese princess, and descriptions of the major religious shrines of India.

Long a favorite in Europe, though all but unknown here—along with the

thirty or so other books of Shantidas—Return To The Source is just published in a sensitive and flowing translation by Jean Sidgwick. One of the great achievements of Shantidas has been the establishment of the spiritual basis of nonviolence; other works that are in preparation are: The Four Plagues, Approach to the Interior Life, and Principles and Precepts of a Return to the Obvious.

SEARCHING FOR ICONS IN RUSSIA, by Vladimir Soloukhin, translated from the Russian by P. S. Falla. A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book, Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich Inc., N.Y. 1972. \$5.50. Reviewed by Helene Iswolsky.

The author of this book, a gifted poet, story-teller and art lover, writes on topics not often found in Soviet literature today: a travelogue through rural, natural habitats, the journeys of a collector of icons (the holy images venerated by the Russian-Orthodox in churches and private homes). We also find in this book an interesting account of icon-painting techniques and history and their meaning in the Russian people's ancient tradition.

All these various aspects are summed up and presented in an unusual "treasure-hunt," undertaken by Soloukhin, in search of so-called "black-boards" (which incidentally is the title of the story's Russian version). A "black-board" in this case is an antique icon, darkened and sometimes entirely dimmed by time and corrosive vapors. The vegetable oils, used to protect the painting on its wooden panel, are gradually dried out and draw a curtain over the original image. Thanks to elaborate treatment with strong chemical solutions and delicate instruments, the dark veil of ages can be gradually removed, "peeled off," revealing the icon in all its primitive beauty. Soviet art-connoisseurs have done considerable work in this field. Many famous icons have been restored by the "peeling off" process and are placed in Moscow and Leningrad museums. Many others are being collected and restored.

Soloukhin heard about this restoration and observed the experts at work; some of them showed him their private collections. They told him that in spite of the destruction and closing of churches by the atheist organizations, there were still hundreds, perhaps thousands of icons scattered in former parishes. Instead of destroying holy images, people were now eagerly looking for them. Soloukhin was fascinated by the story and set out on his own treasure hunt.

He decided to begin his search in the upper-Volga region, where he was born, the son of a peasant, near the city of Vladimir, famous for its icon painters.

He drove his car through hamlets and villages, armed with an old guide-book describing the sites of interest and the churches containing valuable decorations in pre-revolutionary days.

(Continued on page 6)

Boycott Lettuce

(Continued from page 1)

unless it carries the aztec eagle union label on the cellophane wrapper.

On Thursday, May 11, 1972 Cesar Chavez began a fast for the spirit of justice. Following is a letter from Cesar to farm workers and to the supporters of the farm workers' cause.

1017 E. Hadley
Santa Rita Center
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

Our people have been poor for more years than we can remember. We have made only a small amount of progress these past ten years of work and struggle. Our women and children still die too often and too young. There is too much hunger and disease among us. Not even 5% of America's migrant farm workers are protected by union contracts. Yet there is a great fear of our union—a fear that I do not fully understand, but that I know is present with most growers and especially among the lettuce growers in their current resistance to the rights of their workers. Growers through the Farm Bureau are seeking to bring the whole machinery of government against us. Why are they so afraid of a union for migrant farm workers?

In Arizona—one of two major lettuce producing states—the growers and the politicians have just passed a law that destroys the right of farm workers to have a union. Farm workers under this law cannot engage in consumer boycotts. Supporters of our union could be arrested for telling their friends not to buy lettuce. Farm workers are put in the humiliating position of having to go to a special Agricultural Labor Relations Board (appointed by Republican Governor Jack Williams) for a government-conducted election to determine their right to strike. The law provides for union representation elections but establishes so many steps and procedures that seasonal and migrant workers would never have a chance to vote. Growers can not only frustrate an election for 2-3 months, they can actually avoid elections by a minor change in hiring practices. Even if workers should vote for the union, an employer can seek a decertification election after only a 3 month waiting period. The bill is discriminatory. It is aimed only at farm workers who are mostly Black, Brown and Indian. No other labor force is asked to live with these repressive measures. This is what the

Farm Bureau means when they advocate "free elections" and "responsible legislation."

Farm workers in Arizona tried to tell their legislators about the unfairness of this law. They collected letters and petitions and brought them to their representatives. They were met with cold indifference. They were patient but could not get appointments. In many cases, their letters were thrown into trash cans in front of their eyes. After the bill passed, it was brought to the Governor by the Highway Patrol. He signed it immediately. The next day the Governor was asked by a reporter to comment on the farm workers who wanted to meet with him. He responded: "As far as I'm concerned, these people do not exist."

What is it that causes sane men to act so hastily and so cruelly? It cannot be that we are so powerful. In the context of the great corporations, we are like a mosquito on an elephant's back.

This attack on our union in Arizona and in every major state is also an attack on the spirit of justice in America. Why shouldn't farm workers finally have a chance to hold their heads high in their own organization? Why shouldn't there be food on the tables of the families who work so hard to harvest that food?

My major concern is not this particular Arizona law and the fast is not out of anger against the growers. My concern is the spirit of fear that lies behind such laws in the hearts of growers and legislators across the country. Somehow these powerful men and women must be helped to realize that there is nothing to fear from treating their workers as fellow human beings. We do not seek to destroy the growers. We only wish an opportunity to organize our union and to work non-violently to bring a new day of hope and justice to the farm workers of our country. It is long overdue and surely it is not too much to ask. Justice for farm workers is our only goal; it is the goal of our non-violent lettuce boycott. Will you help us by making a commitment not to eat or buy lettuce? This is a small sacrifice that can bring a great change for migrant farm workers. I ask for your prayers and your continued help in our struggle.

Your brother,
Cesar E. Chavez

Notice

121 W. Center College
Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

Dear Friends,

We want to help groups and individuals interested in forming new communities to get together and to solve the problems that they face. *Communitas*, a bimonthly journal about new communities, will start publication this July. If you have any ideas of what is needed in such a journal, please write us. Also, subscriptions will cost \$6 for one year, \$11 for two years.

The Peace be with you,
Don of Communitas

+ + + LETTERS + + +

C.W. and Taxes

143 E. Jackson
Painesville, Ohio 44077

Dear Dorothy,

Ho, you are on the right track. I just read your tax exemption article in the May issue. You are absolutely correct.

I don't know how you will do it. But you owe to all those you help, not the money represented, but the faith and steadfast purpose for which you stand—the guiding light. I pray for you. I hope some way you can make it—somehow.

Love,
Dick Mayer

409 West 11th St.
Newton, Kansas 67114

Dear Friends at CW,

I just read the 39th Anniversary issue and am tremendously excited by the article: "If the Present is Different . . ."

We are in a bit of a "predicament," between seizure of our car and auction by the IRS. The IRS has adjourned the open auction and declared an auction for sealed bids; peace people around here are ready to rise to that challenge also.

We are starting a peace action center in this area. We'd be interested in

literature lists of books and pamphlets written by CW people.

We read that the CW has to appear in court to justify its tax refusal and its refusal to ask for exemption—as if mercy had to ask permission! We are in a three-family intentional community of Mennonite background. War tax resistance is one of our pillars and we've not yet found our way out of the maze of incorporation into some status that gives us the kind of freedom we seek. But our existence together, our resistance and service, are daily victories. So we keep on.

Peace and Joy be with you,
David Janzen of the Bridge

North Carolina

Box 336
Hot Springs, N. C. 28743

Dear Dorothy,

The North Carolina mountain country is every bit as beautiful as you said it would be—and I feel very much at home here already.

I'm living with Linda, a nurse who came to Hot Springs and got the community together and opened up a clinic here. A doctor comes six times a month. The rest of the time she has



to run it. Now she has gotten funding from the Appalachian Regional Commission to set up two small outposts further out in the mountains for a home nursing program and to get a doctor full time to rotate among the three clinics. Another nurse, Myra, had been in the Navy but got a C. O. two months ago, and came here March 1st. So now she is doing most of the actual running of the clinic, Linda is doing public relations and administration, and I have begun the home visiting. Our full-time doctor (also doing his alternative service) will come in July—at which time we hope to have the two outposts ready to open.

It is so exciting. The policies and planning are really being made by the Community Board and the people living here. They are all such good and honest people—though they tend to be quite conservative. Most of them are farmers (largely of tomatoes and tobacco); 63.7% earn under the poverty level of \$3,000 per year. The county has a population of 16,000. There is a hospital and no dentist in the county. There are four full-time doctors but they are all in one town of Mars Hill (the one town that has the largest number of people above the poverty level—and least needing the medical care). 39.6% of the people have no phone and 37.6% have no toilet.

Yet they have so much to teach us in the way of simplicity, love of nature, closeness of families, "community" etc., etc. On one of my visits Friday, I went to the home of an 88 year-old woman and found her weeding her large and beautiful garden. Most of the older people have severe medical problems: diabetes, high blood pressure, etc.—but they stay active and happy because they aren't usually uprooted from the land they love, their families, and a feeling of usefulness. Even the very, very old still do a lot of their own canning, baking and gardening. During the winter, when crops are not available, people live almost entirely on corn bread, soup beans and butter-milk or coffee.

Some of the people back in the "holers" rely almost solely on herbal medicine. We need to find ways of helping them use their own treatments at appropriate times and yet come for care when help is necessary. A lot of it is a matter of communication and education. And education not only along medical lines. We hope to help them recognize a bit of the politics involved in their not having the medical care, education and other necessities that they have a right to.

It's a big order and yet it seems much more hopeful and tangible to me right now than the cities do because these people have community, nature, and a spirit of faith and hope. I'm feeling very lucky to be here to share it with them!

Give my love to everyone there!
Peace and much love—

Kathy Schmidt

Red Tape

RD 2
Mexico, N.Y. 13114

Dear Dorothy Day,

My wife and I attend the state college in Oswego, N.Y. Also we have a year and four months old daughter. I won't even mention the amount of money we owe the local bank, but such is life. I can't help but recall Thoreau when he wrote that possessions are more easily acquired than got rid of. Certainly in our case this is true.

But let me relate to you an experience which, I believe, gets at the heart of our problems as a society. When our daughter was born, I was working at the Upstate Medical Center as an orderly in the emergency room. We could not afford the doctor and hospital bills, so we applied and received Medicaid. The bill was to be paid by Medicaid except for \$50 according to my income. Several weeks later bills began to appear from the anesthesiologist. We called her and she said our bill had been rejected by Medicaid, so we called Medicaid. They said they had not been billed, and it was our responsibility to see that they were. We then called the doctor, who agreed to re-submit the bill.

This has been going on for a year and four months approximately, ex-



cept that for four months we had heard nothing from either party, so we assumed that the bill had been paid. A few days ago we received the same bill. Now Medicaid says they will not pay the bill because some time limit has expired within which they are required to pay. So back we go to the doctor who now claims that this bill was rejected because my wife was covered by other insurance (she was not). They had never told us this before. So the consummation of the whole mess was that we had to pay the bill.

Fortunately, it was meager and no strain to our budget; but what if it had been large or we had been poorer than we are? Such a bill suddenly thrust in one's face when it was believed paid could wreck a family's finances, if indeed they had any. And who is to blame? Perhaps it was all my fault. But could not the Medicaid workers have informed us that their records showed my wife was covered by other insurance? This done, the whole affair could easily have been corrected. I suspect there were errors and thoughtlessness on both ends of

the line.

In such cases it becomes extremely difficult to find any one person or agency whose fault it is totally. Yet surely there was fault, to the extent that the situation had the potential to hurt a family very seriously. I still wonder how many people go through similar experiences but are not favored as we were. It seems to me that this whole thing stemmed from the inability of workers in a bureaucracy to relate individually and humanistically to their clients. I can still recall how hard it was in the emergency room to treat any patient as a human being rather than a carcass that needed repair, when forty or fifty doctors, nurses, technicians, patients, etc., were also running after me because they had something that absolutely had to be done right then.

I am convinced that in schools, hospitals, welfare, nursing homes, and all institutions, as long as we allow the government, state or federal, to do what should be our own responsibility, we will continue to get a second rate job for our money. As long as we willingly allow someone to make a business of lifting responsibility from our shoulders, those who become the clients of this business will suffer.

Thank you all for being such an inspiration to those of us who are only beginning to see the light. May God give you his peace and light.
Bradley Smith

Unionists Act

(Continued from page 1)

nameless overtures seriously; instead Nixon ordered the bombing escalation and the mining of North Vietnam's harbors.

The peace movement grew slowly in the unions, though many rank-and-filers participated in anti-war demonstrations, and even a smattering of union officials (most of them lower echelon) joined the war protests. Meany denounced them as "communists," or "communist-led," or "long-haired freaks." The 35-member AFL-CIO executive council, the federation's governing body, which Meany rules with an iron fist, went meekly along throughout the Johnson and Nixon administrations.

Meany Challenged

Now the council's unanimity behind Meany's militarism is broken. Two members—Jacob Potofsky, the aging president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (ACW), and Jerry Wurf, the relatively young chief of the fast-growing American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME)—stood up at a council meeting and said a resounding "NO!" to a Meany-proposed endorsement of Nixon's bombing escalation.

What gives the St. Louis peace gathering special significance, in the view of those versed in union affairs, is that it came about in large part from rank-and-file pressure. The lowly duespayers, according to this version, became aware of the direct connection between huge military spending and the fast declining contents of their pocketbooks through inflated living costs, and put the screws on their local union and national officers to speak out against continuation of the Vietnam war in the interests of the union members.

Top officers of the Auto Workers, three Teamster vice presidents, and the presidents and other high officials and many AFL-CIO affiliates have joined in sponsoring the St. Louis anti-war meeting. The Teamsters' St. Louis District Council will play host to the peace conference.

The unionists expect to formulate a detailed program for the participation of their members in future activities of the peace coalition.

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 5)

Yes, sure enough, the horizon was still dotted with church-towers, golden cupolas glistening in the sun, and bell-fries from which the bells had pealed in those old times. Now they were silent. Most of the churches were closed, or turned into storage space, garages for tractors or recreation halls. The villages to which these parishes belonged had been absorbed in vast complexes of collective farms. Local administrators knew nothing about the religious or even artistic values of the "black-boards." The tall iconostasis (altar-screens) with their tiers of holy images were torn down, chopped up or sawn for fire wood. Some of the larger icons were used to board up broken windows and inside passages. But Soloukhin knew that quite a number of icons had been saved by pious folk. They were hidden away in cellars, or secretly venerated by nuns, the last survivors of dispersed communities. The treasure hunt even led the author to peasant homes, where icons were openly displayed in the front-corner of the living room, where they traditionally belonged. The most beloved images are those of Christ and of Our Lady of Compassion.

The reader follows Soloukhin step by step in this exciting exploration, which often turns into a breathless one. The owners of icons do not willingly show their treasures, or want to sell them. And even if they do, the icons must be treated with the powerful solutions, probed with finest, scalpel-like instruments. It often happens that the antique original has been painted over once, or even several times by later artists, far less skillful and interesting. Only after prolonged and painful operations does the real icon appear, ablaze with vivid colors: ruby, sapphire blue, bright green, ochre, pure gold and alabaster; a vision of beauty and contemplative serenity.

In his story, Soloukhin makes us realize how strongly he feels about the ignorance and contempt of the men who caused the loss of so much beauty. But he also makes us share in his joy or rediscovery of that which has been preserved. It is like "peering through a dark curtain" or glass at a century-old, great religious culture, once more reborn, ever youthful. "Art," he writes, "is the blossoming of the human soul."

Co-op Housing Proposal

(Continued from page 1)

the poor which also includes ourselves. We feel that we should be allowed a partially stable environment in which we can develop community relationships to work together, to enhance our lives financially, psychologically, and spiritually.

This is usually not the case. So often deep supportive friendships from the children to the parents are rooted up after years of growth because a landlord, and often an absentee landlord, decides to rehabilitate their homes and raise the rents to a \$200 bracket. Some of us have been in this area for only three years and see the reality of this pain and what it means to be rootless. When one has little money in our society, one must have deep community ties to maintain dignity and hope.

Waves of attitudes with capitalistic undertones flood our hearts and minds because we have been nurtured in an ocean of competitive individualism. Instead of standing in a circle facing each other with hands open to share and receive, we stand in a straight line with our fists clenched in a personal effort to succeed. We must be then dependent on economic oriented scavengers for our security and well being. Insurance agencies, old age homes, welfare agencies and medical care all reflect a shadowy circle, but one in which no one cares to be recognized.

Those of us with the interest in co-operative housing do not belong to any agency. Rather we too are poor, many of us working for ten dollars a day in a work cooperative, finding our support in each other and in our faith in God's Word.

We have learned that sharing any thing is not as important as being a friend, being present, being equal and being part of the struggle for a deeper life. Then when our neighbors see us endeavor to buy a house for a friend-family they feel that they must help too because we are struggling together to realize our human dignity.

At the same time we realize that the speculators and investors who are closing in have different ideas with little scruples or understanding of human needs.

A sense of these realities led us to see the role which cooperative ownership of housing could play in securing for people the right to remain here and to live under decent conditions. Through cooperatives, we could keep present housing costs low and look forward to a time when our housing costs could be even lower through full ownership.

Experience With Cooperative Housing

Three years ago we had the opportunity to buy from the Archdiocese of Chicago a two story residential building, containing four, small, four-room apartments. The Archdiocese generously set the price at \$8500. Four families were living in the building, paying rentals of \$50 or \$60 a month.

Through appeals to concerned supporters, we raised \$8500 cash, in small loans and gifts, the loans with no interest, to buy the building and establish cooperative control and ownership. The loans were secured by personal notes signed by members of the Catholic Worker group, who initiated the project. Title to the building is held in the name of two members of the group, pending eventual establishment of a legal cooperative for ownership.

In the two and a half years since purchase, we have worked to establish control of the building by the residents through participation in a cooperative with one vote for each unit.

We established a five-year schedule for repayment for the loans, and half the amount has now been repaid.

We maintained the rentals at \$50 for each unit, and in two and a half years when the balance of the loans has been repaid, the families can look forward to lower rentals or to substantial im-

provements in rehabilitation of the building.

Paying Again and Again

Modest as this project may seem, its development has not been easy. It has been very difficult to foster the spirit and practice of cooperative participation. There were times when we felt ready to throw in the towel and surrender the building to speculators. It is very difficult to keep asking people for their payments monthly because they have paid for this building several times already. This is a source of real tension for all of us.

Leon Bloy said, "Money is the blood of the poor." With their blood they have paid for these buildings over and over again, without ever attaining any security, knowing they could be asked to move at a whim.

We continued, and now we feel ready to hazard a second step.

Recently, one of the families in the building moved out, and a young couple, once part of the Gospel Family, moved into the vacant apartment. We believe that their presence and participation will strengthen the cooperative. They also participate in our Work Cooperative effort, which provides employment for several people from our community and neighborhood, working on building repair and rehabilitation jobs, so they are equipped for keeping a house in shape.

Extending Cooperative Effort

We now have the opportunity to buy another building, in the neighborhood, for \$8000, if we can raise the cash price by July first.

It is a two-flat brick structure in sound condition. It contains two large apartments suitable for two large families. One such family is already living downstairs, and there is another large family that we have known for three years, who are ready to move into the vacant second floor, if we can obtain ownership.

We are projecting a rental of \$75 a month for each apartment, which would yield rental income of \$1800 a year. Allowing for real estate tax and maintenance costs, this would leave about \$1000 a year for retirement of loan obligations. Utilities would be paid directly by the residents.

Projecting a five-year schedule for repayment of the loans, we would like to raise at least \$3000 in gifts and the balance in personal non-interest loans to meet the cash price of the building. This loan would be secured by personal notes signed by members of the Catholic Worker group and others who



would hold title to the building, pending legal incorporation of the cooperative.

Residents of the second building would become members of the existing cooperative group, which would manage both buildings.

We would proceed with the steps necessary to establish a legal cooperative for ownership of both buildings.

If you are able to contribute to the gift fund or loan fund, please write or send your check to *Catholic Worker Cooperatives*, c/o Tom and Carol LaPointe, 1024 W. Armitage, Chicago, Ill. 60614. We come like beggars for ourselves, for our friends.

Peace of our Father remain in you.

Tom & Carol LaPointe
Jay & Mary Porter
Chris Pierle
Karl Meyer

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

Tax News Letter which we have not seen yet. Write to Tax Reform Research Group, P.O. Box 14193, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20036. And while you are at it, write to TAX Talk, published by War Tax Resistance, 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012 which contains letters from all over the country from individual tax resisters, telling what is happening to them. Stimulating and invigorating. Good make up and good format. First Rate.

Spot News

While I write, Arthur J. Lacey comes in to hand me my mail and it contains a notice from one of our two lawyers. "Please be advised that I have been contacted by the Conference Section of the Internal Revenue Service and we have arranged for the hearing on September 7, 1972." The hearing sounds more decisive and final than A hearing. This has to do with the almost \$300,000 (I am tired of spelling it out). The July hearing has to do with the Will, and how complicated we have made it for the other four recipients and the lawyers, and why. As far as I see and hear, the other four recipients,



Good Shepherd Order, Little Sisters of the Poor, Sacred Heart Free Home for Incurable Cancer and Maryknoll, are saying nothing.

I would like to be able to say to our readers, our family (as I like to think them), that I am not at all worried about all this mishmash and the outcome. But of course one becomes intimidated in the awesome presence of a judge. Not to speak of stenographers and swearing, to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me, God, and maybe not being allowed to finish a sentence, or to explain. Anyone who writes as much as I do is not a "woman of few words." The older I get the more I have to study and learn—there is no end to it. Of course the Gospel tells us that when we are called before judges not to worry about how to answer, what to say. I'll have to do a good deal of praying, doing what in the quaint terminology of the Church was formerly called "making acts of adoration, contrition, thanksgiving and supplication." A.C.T.S. Easy to remember. Easy to do in those crises which every family without exception finds itself into. Oh, God, make haste to help me. Take not thy holy Spirit from me. Hear my prayer. Let me cry come unto Thee.

Besides praying, it is also good to distract the mind. In Tolstol's War and Peace, read again recently (part of the distraction), Nikolai advised the fearful sixteen-year-old soldier never to think of the battle ahead, or of previous

"The poor are an easy audience to gull, when you know how to go about it. . . . Nothing easier, come to think of it, than to make them feel poverty as a shameful illness, unworthy of a civilized country, that we are going to get rid of the filthy thing in no time. But which one of us would dare to speak thus of the poverty of Jesus Christ?"

Georges Bernanos,
Diary of a Country Priest

fears. So besides my reading I have had the opportunity this summer of seeing two first rate movies, Fiddler on the Roof and Uncle Vanya. I had been reading Elie Wiesel's Souls on Fire, his tales of the Hasidim, and the movie led me back to Martin Buber and Rabbi Heschel's writing. Uncle Vanya led me to Chekhov's plays again, his short stories, and his book about Sakhalin Prison Island. Both removed me for a time from present troubles.

Actually our Tax situation and the threats which hang over us involve nowhere near as much suffering and heartbreak as the moral, physical and mental illnesses of many of those around us which involve so many who are dear to us.

It is then that I turn most truly for solace, for strength to endure, to the psalms. I may read them without understanding, and mechanically at first, but I do believe they are the Word, and that Scripture on the one hand and the Eucharist, the Word made Flesh, on the other, have in them that strength which no power on earth can withstand. One of Ammon Hennacy's favorite quotations was, "All things work together for good to those who love God."

As Sonya said at the end of Uncle Vanya, "I have faith, Uncle, I have fervent, passionate faith."

Theater of Reconciliation

(Continued from page 3)

provides a more flexible way of exploring other behaviors for those involved in conflict, instead of going by the book, or a set of rules which are often not relevant and, at best, uncreative. It would be the beginning of a therapeutic community. While the Theater of Reconciliation needs to be directed by a trained psychotherapist, the culture of the community and their level of understanding and participation would determine whether or not it would work, especially as an alternative to a system of law with its punishments and prisons.

In conclusion, we need to look at the beginnings or growth in prayer, solitude and community, and to share what we have learned. While it is always exciting to talk about the ideal, the difficult first steps get forgotten in the process. Unless the beginnings are clarified, we trip over our own feet. Then we can neither stand up alone, nor travel with the rest of the community. Unless we understand how we "warm-up" to prayer, solitude and community, we cannot overcome our own alienation. Then we also cannot tap the wisdom of our neighbor or begin to try to heal a community.

"Life Tax"

9501 Nesbitt Rd.
Bloomington, Minn. 55431

Dear Dorothy,

On January 25, 1972, I publicly claimed twenty dependents on my new W-4 form in an effort to prevent any of my money being spent for the costs of war and defense related activities. Instead, I declared that I would spend 30% of my income on human service activities.

I am contributing money to various organizations as part of my "life tax" choice. I hope this small amount can help you in your efforts.

Several years of contact with the Catholic Worker "window on life" have contributed to my doing what I have done. I hope, and that is why I have acted. I pray for you and all your brothers and sisters there. Peace and joy to you all. Pray for me.

David Gagne

Lament at Buffalo Creek

By CHUCK SMITH

For five years I was a lay-Brother in the Capuchin Franciscans. We often prayed the Psalms together. I remember clearly how my mind stumbled over the expressions of deep anguish and oppression in many of the Psalms. There is a spirit of defenselessness, aloneness, and vulnerability in some of these prayers that was completely foreign to my life experience as a Franciscan and a student. I was seeking the life of Gospel poverty yet these prayers of the *anawim* — God's poor ones—somehow didn't seem to fit into my life.

Rather than make a life long commitment as a Franciscan, I came to West Virginia in 1967 to work with several other young organizers under the direction of Jim Somerville, a Presbyterian minister, whose prophetic vision of justice for the Appalachian poor reminds one of Jeremiah. In joining this struggle the spirit of the psalms slowly crept into my experience. But never have I felt that desperation so keenly as when I heard about what happened at Buffalo Creek on February 26.

Heavy Rains

We had bad weather that last part of February all over West Virginia. Snows covered the whole state. Then across southern West Virginia the rains came: heavy, steady, soaking rains. The hills, timbered-out and stripped for coal, had nothing to hold the rain except shallow soil and sometimes a second growth tree cover, and the rain ran down into the rivers and filled them with frightening speed. The waters flooded across US 119 in Logan County and across dozens of other roads even before flood warnings had gone out from Charleston. Mudslides closed part of US 52, and muddy river water, thick with silt, began clogging the streets of countless cities and towns.

By Friday the skies were clearing, the waters were receding, and it appeared that the worst was over. But Friday afternoon the Guyandotte River was still above flood stage at Logan, and the National Weather Service was warning more rain for Friday night.

The rains did come and in all the

hollows of West Virginia the creeks swelled ominously. On strip mine high-walls there were thousands of small waterfalls; below, in the valleys, there were hundreds of instant lakes. Water submerged roads and low-water bridges and drowned out the engines of cars struggling across them. Every year the end of winter in West Virginia means rain and mud, and flooding more often than not. The land and the watersheds have been trampled upon, and every spring there is a price to be paid.

Gob Piles Become Dams

West Virginia is the country's number one coal producer, and southern West Virginia is the heart of the industry. Up all those hollows, under those hills, are thousands of mines. When coal comes out of the earth, rock comes with it; up to a fourth of the raw production consists of unburnable material; it is trucked away to be dumped wherever the dumping is convenient. Usually that is the nearest hollow. The dump—called a "gob pile" or "slag heap"—grows steadily as long as the mine is in operation. It may eventually stretch hundreds of yards across an entire valley, growing hundreds of feet high.

There are thousands of gob piles in West Virginia. No one has ever counted them all. Hundreds block valleys, which means, that each rainy season, small streams come running down from the mountains only to encounter a gob pile where once there was an unobstructed pathway to the nearest creek. The gob piles are often porous, the streams can percolate through, but only if the rain is light and the water doesn't back up. In heavy rains the piles become dams. Growing older, they settle becoming permanent dams. There are several hundred such dams in Central Appalachia—none of them engineered to retain water. Some of them appear to be stable and safe, but nobody really knows.

At a little after 6 a.m. on February 26, Logan County deputy sheriff Otto Mutters arrived at the slag heap three miles above the town of Lorado. There were reports that the gob pile was going to let go. It stood at the head of

Buffalo Creek. Behind it was a lake almost half a mile long, 50 feet deep in places. In the valley between the slag pile and the mouth of Buffalo at Man on the Guyandotte River were fourteen communities. The deputy arrived right after Steve Dasovich, a Pittston Company mine boss. Pittston, the fourth largest mining conglomerate in the U.S., runs a large underground mine at Lorado, a mine acquired in 1970 when the company bought the Buffalo Mining Company. With the mine, Pittston acquired the huge gob pile, and the water behind it. As production from the mine continued, the pile grew every day, deepening and lengthening the ominous lake behind it.

"Under Control"

Now, while Mutters waited below, Dasovich went up to supervise a crew digging a ditch across the top of the pile so some of the water could run off. He came down after a few minutes and, according to Mutters, said everything was under control.

Mutters headed down the valley, still worried about the gob pile behind him. He began to stop at houses along his route, warning that the dam might break. He kept doing that, all the eighteen miles of the narrow valley, all the way back to Man. But most of the people of Buffalo Creek were still at home when the gob pile let go at 8 o'clock.

"... a solid wall of waste and water, must have been 50 feet high," one man described the sight later to George Vecsey of the New York Times. Mud and rock and water, the mass moved down Buffalo Creek and took everything in its path. The steel rails of the C&O railroad were lifted and twisted like wet spaghetti, the houses were torn from their foundations and smashed against each other until there was nothing left but old lumber. Pictures of John Kennedy and Jesus rode down through the valleys and disappeared under the brown sea. Along with nobody knows how many people. Bodies were found as far as 25 miles downstream; how many were not found, may never be found. The death toll climbed to 113, with more than 5000 left homeless.

"Act of God"

Disasters are a commonplace in the history of West Virginia. As soon as they occur politicians, labor leaders, and coal operators scurry to disavow any responsibility on their part. Planes crash, mines blow up, miner after miner is killed; no one seems to be responsible. In December 1967, the bridge at Point Pleasant collapsed into the Ohio River; 38 people were drowned; officials described it as an act of God.

Within hours after the disaster at Buffalo Creek, the same process was under way again. Governor Moore, having attempted to fly to the scene in a helicopter, was forced to return to the capitol by bad weather, and had no sooner landed than he was suggesting that God had fouled up once more. Far from criticizing anyone—especially his own administration—Moore stressed that the lake backed up by the slag heap had been used to settle acid mine drainage. That, he said, was "logical and constructive." Reporter Mary Walton of the Charleston Gazette recounted a phone conversation with a Pittston spokesman in New York who told her: "We're investigating the damage which was caused by the flood which we believe, of course, was an act of God." There was nothing wrong with the gob pile, he added, except that it was "incapable of holding the water God poured into it."

The next day, the superintendent of Pittston's Buffalo Mining subsidiary, Ben Tudor, told Frank Ashley of the Louisville Courier-Journal that he had

asked the state for permission to drain off some of the water behind the dam and had been refused by officials who, he said, were afraid that the acid runoff would kill trout downstream. "I told them it was either the trout or the people," Tudor said. "Now they're both gone." Moore angrily denied any knowledge of Pittston's request, said reporters were "irresponsible" if they believed Tudor, and ordered the National Guard not to let reporters inspect the rescue operations anymore.

How Much Longer?

The folks in the coal fields of Appalachia know from their lives the feelings of the psalmist who cried out: How much longer will you forget me, Lord? Forever? How much longer will you hide your face from me? How much longer must I endure grief in my soul, and sorrow in my heart by day and by night? How much longer must my enemy have the upper hand of me? Look and answer me, Yahweh my God! (13:1-2).

The Appalachian people have been messed over, cheated, colonized, enslaved, maimed, betrayed and killed. This has been done at the hands of America for the progress of the Ameri-



can way of life. Cheap coal for cheap electrical power for America means the destruction of land and lives by strip mining the Appalachian Mountains. America carries on a racist, genocidal war in Indo China at the expense of Appalachians whose bodies litter the battlefields at a higher rate than any other American minority. Pittston Coal Company declared 16% profits (\$34.5 million) in 1970, as it created the slag heap that brought instant death to the communities along Buffalo Creek. Pity me, Yahweh, I have no strength left, heal me, my bones are in torment, my soul is in utter torment, Yahweh, how long will you be? (Psalm 6:3).

Life in the coal fields can drag on to the very edge of despair. How long will we have no control over the things and institutions that affect our lives? How long will we be the pawns in the money-power games of the oil-coal conglomerates and their political servants?

(This article originally appeared in *The Green Revolution*, the paper of the Catholic Worker Farm at West Hamlin, W. Va.)

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

worked with labor groups and with the American PAX group. For the past few years, she has lived with us and helped us in many ways. She is dynamic and compassionate and interested in therapeutic means for healing some of the wounds many people suffer from in our time. Those interested should consult the program in this paper, or for more information write to Clare Danielsson, Box 33, Tivoli, New York.

As part of our once a month Sunday afternoon conferences, last Sunday Fr. Ciparik gave us an interesting account of his experiences in Nigeria where he spent five years working in a Jesuit mission. Accompanying his talk with slides, Fr. Ciparik gave the most interesting and lucid explanation of the Nigerian situation I have heard. One Sunday afternoon in May, our old friends Joe and Audrey Monroe showed slides of their travels in Africa and told us something of their adventures there.

In another area of activity, Sally Corbin, one of the younger members of our community—she celebrated her tenth birthday in May—has chalked up quite an accomplishment. She wrote and composed a short musical comedy, which, with the help of Clare Danielsson as director, was produced at Rhinebeck Country School. I am told that all who took part in the play or witnessed

it, spent a most enjoyable evening. Although Sally is very gifted, she has the usual interests of her age. At present she is living in a tree house, where I hope her muse will flourish.

Spring in the country, especially here on the Hudson River, is such a beautiful time that it should be shared with those who are shut up in the concrete canyons of our cities. On Memorial Day weekend a group of University of the Streets people from Manhattan's Lower East Side drove up to camp out in our woods. They came in a bus with all the equipment they needed. They were quiet and orderly and truly entranced with their experience of Nature. I believe they took something of the wonder and magic of Spring in the woods back to the city. We are glad to share our woods with such visitors.

The routine work of a place like this necessarily depends on the help of many. From time to time I speak in more detail of these helpers. This time, I can only say—May God bless and reward them.

Still the wren sings his bubbly song of joy near my window. Our days lengthen toward Midsummer's Eve. Soon July will come with a great buzz of insects. Now from the month of the Sacred Heart, we pray: Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us.